

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.
ONE WAY OUTBy WILLIAM CARLETON
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CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

WHEN we finally did finish with them they weren't good for anything but old rags, and even then Ruth used them about her housework. I figured roughly that Ruth kept us well dressed on about half what it cost most of our neighbors and yet we appeared to be twice as well dressed as any of them.

Of course we had a good many things to start with when we came down here, but our clothing bill didn't go up much even during the last year when our original stock was nearly exhausted.

She accomplished this result about one-half by long-headed buying and one-half by her carefulness and her skill with the needle.

To go back to the matter of food, I'll copy off a week's bill of fare for this month. Ruth has written it out for me. You'll notice that it doesn't vary very much from the earlier ones.

Breakfast—fried, basted pudding, with molasses; doughnuts, cocoa made from cocoa shells.

Dinner—Lamb stew with dumplings, boiled potatoes, boiled onions, corn starch pudding.

Monday.
Breakfast—Oatmeal, baked potatoes, creamed codfish, biscuits.
Luncheon—For Billy—Brown bread sandwiches, cold beans, cranberry milk. For Dick and me—Baked rice, cold biscuits, baked apples, milk.
Dinner—Warm-up, lamb stew, baked apples, cocoa, cold biscuits.

Tuesday.
Breakfast—Oatmeal, milk toast, cocoa. Luncheon—For Billy—Old biscuits, hard-boiled eggs, doughnuts. For Dick and me—Warm-up, beans, biscuits.
Dinner—Hamburg steak, baked potatoes, graham muffins, apple sauce, milk.

Wednesday.
Breakfast—Oatmeal, griddle cakes with molasses, cocoa shells.
Luncheon—For Billy—Cold sandwiches made of biscuits and left over steak, doughnuts. For Dick and me—Crackers and milk, hot gingerbread, and apple sauce.
Dinner—Vegetable hash, hot biscuits, gingerbread, apple sauce, milk.

Thursday.
Breakfast—Oatmeal, fried hasty pudding, doughnuts, cocoa shells.
Luncheon—For Billy—Hard-boiled eggs, cold bread, and apples. For Dick and me—Baked potatoes, apple sauce, cold biscuits, milk.
Dinner—Lyonhouse potatoes, hot corn bread, poor man's pudding, milk.

Friday.
Breakfast—Smoked herring, baked potatoes, oatmeal, graham muffins.
Luncheon—For Billy—Herring, cold muffins, doughnuts. For Dick and me—German toast, apple sauce.
Dinner—Fish hash, biscuits, Indian pudding, milk.

Saturday.
Breakfast—Oatmeal, German toast, cocoa shells.
Luncheon—For Billy—Cold biscuits, hard-boiled eggs, bowl of rice. For Dick and me—Rice and milk, doughnuts, apple sauce.
Dinner—Baked beans, new raised bread.

To a man accustomed to a beefsteak breakfast, fried hasty pudding may seem a poor substitute and griddle cakes may seem well enough to taper off with, but scarcely stuff for a full meal.

All I say is, have those things well made, have enough of them, and then try it. If a man has a sound digestion and a good body I'll guarantee that such food will not only satisfy him but furnish him with the hardest kind of physical exercise.

I know because I've tried it. And though to some my lunches may sound slight, they averaged more in substance and variety than the lunches of my foreign fellow-workmen.

A hunk of bread and a bit of cheese was often all they brought with them. Dick thrived on it, too. The elimination of pastry from his simple luncheons brought back the color to his cheeks and left him hard as nails.

I've read since then many articles on domestic economy and how a few dollars a week can make many fancy dishes which will fool him into the belief that he is getting the same things which before cost him a great many more dollars.

Their object appears to be to give such a variety that the man will not notice a change. Now this seems to me all wrong. What's the use of clinging to the notion that a man lives to eat? Why not get down to the facts at once and face the fact that a man doesn't need the bill of fare of a modern hotel or any substitute for it?

A few simple foods and plenty of them is enough. When a man begins to crave a variety he hasn't placed his emphasis right. He hasn't worked up to the right kind of hunger. Compare the old-time country grocery store with modern provision house, and you may help you to understand why our lean, sinewy forefathers have given place to the sallow, fat parodies of today.

A comparison might also help to explain something of the high cost of living. My grandfather kept such a store and I've seen some of his old account books.

About all he had to sell in the way of food was flour, rice, potatoes, sugar and molasses, bottled cherries and apples. These articles weren't put up in packages, and they weren't advertised. They were sold in bulk and all you paid for was the raw material.

The catalogue of a modern provision house makes a book. The whole object of the catalogue is to tempt me to me to fill the demand for variety. You have to pay for that.

But when you trim your ship to run before a gale you must throw overboard just such freight. Once you do, you'll find it will have to blow harder than the gale to sink you.

I am constantly surprised at how few of the things we think we need we actually do need.

The pioneer of today doesn't need any more than the pioneer of a hundred years ago. To me this talk that a return to the customs of our ancestors involves a lowering of the standard of living is all nonsense. It means nothing but a simplifying of the standard of living.

If that's a return to barbarism then I'm glad to be a barbarian and I'll say there never were three happier barbarians than Ruth, the boy and myself.

CHAPTER XV.

The Gang.

IF I'd been making \$5 a day at this time I wouldn't have moved from the tenement. In the first place, as far as physical comfort went, I was never better off. We had all the room we needed.

During the winter we had used the living room just as our forefathers did. We economized fuel in this way, and Ruth kept the rooms spotless. We had no fires in our bedrooms, and did not want any.

We all of us slept with our windows wide open. If we had had ten more rooms we wouldn't have known what to do with them. When we had a visitor we received him in the kitchen. Some of our neighbors took boarders and also slept in the kitchen.

I don't know as I should want to do that, but at the same time many a family lives in one room hut in the forest after this fashion. By outsiders it is looked upon as rather romantic. It isn't considered a great hardship by the settlers themselves.

Then we had the advantage of our roof and with summer coming on we looked forward to the garden and the joy of the warm starry nights.

We had some wonderful winter pictures, too, from that same roof. It was worth going up there to see the house tops after a heavy snow storm.

If I had wanted to move I could have done only one of two things; either gone back into the suburbs or taken a more expensive flat up town. I certainly had had enough of the former

and as for the latter I could see no comparison.

If anything this flat business was worse than the suburbs. I would be surrounded by an ordinary group of people who had all the airs of the latter with none of their good points.

I'd be hedged in by conventions with which I was now even in less sympathy than before. I wouldn't have exchanged my present freedom of movement and independence of action for even the best suite in the most expensive apartment house in the city.

Not for a hundred dollars a week. Advantages? What were they?

Would a higher grade of wall paper, more expensive set of furniture and steam heat compensate me for the loss of the solid comfort I found here by the side of my little iron stove? Was roof? Were the gilt, tinseled and soft carpets worth the privilege I enjoyed here of dressing as I pleased, eating what I pleased, doing what I pleased? Was their apartment-house friendship, however polished, worth the simple genuine fellowship I enjoyed among my present neighbors? What could such a life offer me for my soul's body's good that I didn't have here?

I couldn't see how in a single respect could better my present condition except in one or two points, and that might come with a fortune and a country estate.

And middle ground, assuming that I could find it, meant nothing but the undertaking again of all the old burdens I had just shaken off.

Ruth, the boy and I now knew genuinely more people than we had ever before known in our lives. And most of them were people who knew and the other worth some endeavor to make worth knowing.

Here we were all pulling together down here—some of them with a distinct ambition that was dependent for success upon nothing but our own efforts.

I was in touch with more opportunities than I had ever dreamed existed. All three of us were enjoying more advantage than we had ever dreamed would be ours. My Italian was improving from day to day.

I could handle mortar easily and naturally and point a gun as well as my instructor. I could build a true square piece of any size from one brick to twenty. I could make a square or a piece-hole corner or lay out a brick footing. And I was proud of my accomplishment.

But more interesting to me than anything else was the opportunity I had as a foreman, to test the value of the knowledge of my former fellow workmen, which I had been slowly acquiring.

I was anxious to see if my ideas were pure theory or whether they were practical. They had proven practical at a rate in securing my own advance. This had come about through no such pull as Rafferty's.

As a result of nothing but my intelligent and conscientious work in the ditch and among men. And this, too, was made possible by the application of the knowledge I picked up and used as I had the chance.

It was only because I had shown my humble one of seeing that the men kept at work digging. The work had all been staked out and the architect's agent was there to give all incidental instructions.

He was a young graduate of a technical school and I took for him a good natured boy to use what little I had learned in my night school and study his blue prints.

At odd times he explained them to me and aside from what I learned myself from them it helped me to direct the men more intelligently.

I had learned other things. I had learned how to handle Anton. I had no idea that my efforts were being watched. I don't know how I was picked out. Except, of course, that I must have been because of the work I did.

At any rate I found myself at the head of twenty men—all Italians, all strangers and among them three or four just off the boat. My first job was on a foundation for an apartment house.

Of course, my part in it was the very humble one of seeing that the men kept at work digging. The work had all been staked out and the architect's agent was there to give all incidental instructions.

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**Miss Taft Will Take Mother's Place
As Hostess With President Today****Third Garden Party of the
Season to Be Given at
White House.**

Miss Helen Taft will receive with the President, taking her mother's place, at the third garden party of the season, at the White House this afternoon.

A feature of the reception this afternoon will be the concert by the Danish Students' Singing Society, now on tour of the United States under the patronage of Crown Prince Christian.

This organization, which arrived in New York Tuesday, and appeared in concert last night at Carnegie Hall, is one of the oldest and most distinguished male choruses of Denmark, and has been connected with the Royal University of Copenhagen since 1849.

A number of prominent Danish composers have been associated with the society as conductors, and several of the national poets have furnished the texts for their songs.

Dr. Viggo Christopherson is now the president of the society, as the personal representative of the crown prince, and the conductor is H. Leyvoss, of the Royal Opera House of Copenhagen. The soloists are Selvig, a bass barytone, and Olaf Holboll, tenor.

Miss Wise will go on Summer Canada Trip.

Miss Marion Wise will accompany her cousin, Mrs. Charles H. R. Johnston, to Murray Bay, Canada, for the summer. They will leave Washington early in June.

Mrs. J. H. Magruder and Miss Magruder will go to Annapolis tomorrow for a fortnight.

Mrs. Irwin, wife of Commander William Manning Irwin, U. S. N., left Washington today for New York, where she will meet her sister and daughter, Mrs. McCord, and will remain until their arrival from Europe, where they have spent the winter and spring.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Neff and Miss Nancy Neff, who have been stopping with Mrs. William Belden Noble at her residence on N street, will leave Washington this evening for New York, from where they will sail tomorrow for Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. Thompson.

Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson had as their guests at dinner last night Mr. Justice and Mrs. Holmes, Major General and Mrs. Wood, Senator Wetmore, Miss Edith Wetmore, Senator Root, Miss Patten, Senator Linn, Miss Siddie, Judge Magoon, Miss Sykes, the Military Attache of the French Embassy and Countess de Chambrun. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Pell and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice, of London.

The dinner was followed by a musicale, at 10 o'clock, at which the artists were Mme. Rapold, of the Metropolitan Opera Company; M. Daddi, of the Chicago Opera Company; Miss Catherine Parlow, violinist, and Mr. Vercel, pianist.

There were about 125 guests invited to the music.

Mrs. Nagel Entertains at Chevy Chase for Daughter.

Mrs. Nagel, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, entertained a company of young people at dinner at the Chevy Chase Club last evening, for their daughter, Miss Nagel.

The British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce will entertain at dinner this evening at the embassy.

Whitings Depart Next Week for New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Fairfax Whiting and the Misses Whiting will leave Washington the latter part of next week for New York, where they will spend several weeks before going to Bar Harbor for the season.

Major W. J. Barden, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barden will entertain at dinner this evening at the Barracks, in compliment to Miss Dorothy Langfitt and Lieutenant Wilby, U. S. A., whose marriage takes place within a few days.

Mrs. James A. Bayard and Miss Anne Bayard will close their apartment in the Wyoming about the first of July and will go to Deer Park for a portion of the season.

Miss Ruth Wynne, daughter of the former Consul General to London and Mr. Robert J. Wynne, will leave Washington for New York within a few days to join a party of friends and sail on the 27th for England. She will be with her brother-in-law and sister, Lieut. Hugh Roland French, of the British army, and Mrs. French. They will spend the season in London and then go to the various resorts in France. Miss Wynne will be abroad six months.

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Miss Louise Fletcher
Younger Daughter of the Senator
From Florida and Mrs. Fletcher.

**Miss Fletcher to Pay
Brief Visit to Florida**

Miss Louise Fletcher, the younger daughter of the Senator from Florida and Mrs. Duncan F. Fletcher, is one of the most attractive girls in Senatorial circles. She is an accomplished musician and is possessed of a soprano voice of rare quality and sweetness.

At the close of the present session of Congress, Miss Fletcher will accompany her parents to their home in Florida for a brief stay, and later they will probably go to one of the North shore resorts.

**Mrs. Brown Entertains
Miss Caroline Shepard**

Mrs. Ward Brown was hostess at luncheon today in honor of Miss Caroline Shepard, who marriage to John W. Faison, of New York, takes place tomorrow. The guests were Miss Helen Otis, of Chicago, who is to be maid of honor; Miss Julia Barclay, of St. Louis; Miss Barbara Vandegrift, of Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Le Roy Lewis, of Stratford, Conn.; Miss Rose Greely, and Miss Owenshine.

**Miss Shepard Guest
At Theater Party.**

Miss Caroline Shepard, daughter of Justice Seth Shepard, whose marriage to John W. Faison, of New York, takes place tomorrow afternoon, was the guest of honor at a theater party given by Miss Ruth Bliss last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould Lincoln chaperoned the party which included in addition to the bride-elect, Miss Helen Otis, of Chicago, maid of honor; Miss Julia Barclay, of St. Louis; Miss Nellie Marshall, Miss Julia Heyl, Miss Ruth Jones, John W. Faison, Lieutenant North, Lieutenant of Wigton, Lieutenant Moose, Nelson Shepard, Findlay French, of Baltimore, and Dr. McDowell.

After the play Mrs. Bliss, mother of the hostess, entertained the party at supper at her residence on Bancroft place.

Mrs. Wickersham has gone to Cedarhurst, L. I., to spend a week with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Akin. The attorney General will join her there tomorrow for the week end.

Dr. Joseph Milton Heller is attending the triennial convention of the Military Order of Foremen War.

Mrs. Thomas W. Symons, wife of Colonel Symons, U. S. A., who spent a few days in Buffalo, has returned to Washington.

**Will Assist in Receiving
at Congressional
Club Today.**

At the reception at the Congressional Club this afternoon, at which Mrs. Martha Gleason will be the guest of honor, Mrs. Roberts, the president of the club, will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry Allen Cooper, of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Fred Dennett, of North Dakota.

Mrs. Everis Hayes, of California, and Mrs. Rockwood Hoar will preside at the tea table.

Mrs. Gleason, who is the founder of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, will address the club at 4 o'clock on "Stories of the Mountain People." Tea will be served at 5 o'clock.

There will be a musicale for the benefit of the Arts and Crafts School tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. King, 1708 S street. There will be an exhibition and sale of the work of the various departments of the school from 3 to 6 o'clock, and tea will be served after the program.

Tickets can be obtained at the Arts and Crafts Studio, 21 Vermont avenue, at the school, 739 Seventeenth street, and from the members of the school.

**Dr. Chataud and Wife
Sail for England in June.**

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Chataud will close their Washington residence early in June and go to New York, from where they will sail on the 24th for England to spend the season.

Mrs. E. L. Koon and Miss Koon have closed their Washington residence early in June and are in Atlantic City for the early part of the season.

Mrs. George S. Covington has given up her house, at 1407 R street, and has moved to 1383 Otis place northwest.

**President Taft Host
To Conference Members.**

The President was host at dinner at the White House last night, having among his guests the members of the fur seal conference. At the table were: The President, the Secretary of State, the British ambassador, the Hon. Joseph Pope, Ernest Poland, Alfred Fraser, W. A. Found, James Macdon, George Young, the Japanese ambassador, Hitoishi Danke, Tasaku Kitahara, Masanao Hananaka, the charge d'affaires of Russia, Pierre Botkin, Baron Nolde, Mr. Brinkhoff, Mr. Nabokoff, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the governor of Michigan, the Secretary to the President, Chandler Anderson, Robert Lansing, Hugh M. Smith, Dr. B. W. Everman, Seth Louis Pierpont, and Major and Mrs. W. Butt.

**Miss Locklin, of Detroit,
Visiting Capital Relatives.**

Miss Edna Locklin, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Locklin, 142 Adams street northwest. After a short stay in Washington, Miss Locklin will go to Atlantic City, New York, and Buffalo, before returning to her home.

Mrs. D. K. Sargent, of Deep River, Iowa, is spending a few weeks in Washington, the guest of Mrs. S. G. Butler, at her residence, 1461 Irving street.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Merriam will close their Washington residence June 10, and will go to their country home, at Liberty Furnace, Va., for the summer.

The Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Huntington Wilson will entertain at dinner Wednesday evening, May 24, in honor of the Mexican ambassador, Senor Don Zamacoa.

Miss Anna Squire, who is now in New York, will go to Governors Island next week for a visit to Col. and Mrs. Samuel Reber, U. S. A.

**Miss Hoyle to Spend
Summer at West Point.**

Miss Hoyle, daughter of Colonel Hoyle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hoyle, of Fort Riley, Kan., who has been the guest of her cousins, the Misses Murray, daughter of Major Gen. Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray, for the last few days, left Washington yesterday for West Point, N. Y., where she will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Herr.

Mrs. Allan McLane, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Julian James, will leave tomorrow to spend a few days with Miss Tyler before going to Bryn Mawr and New York for a visit. Mrs. McLane will open her summer place in Maine in the season.

Mrs. Robert N. Harper is spending a few days at her country place near Leesburg, Va.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME**The Sand**